

May 8
1930

CENTENNIAL YEAR

1930

THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS'
MILLENNIAL STAR

ESTABLISHED IN 1840

“There stood by the cross of Jesus his mother, . . . When Jesus therefore saw his mother, and the disciple standing by, whom he loved, he saith unto his mother, Woman, behold thy son! Then saith he to the disciple, Behold thy mother! And from that hour that disciple took her unto his own home.” JOHN 19: 25-27.

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Price One Penny

A MAN AND HIS MOTHER

BY RAMONA WILCOX CANNON

ONE of the most beautiful mother-stories ever told is narrated by America's great scientist, Michael Pupin, in his autobiography, "From Immigrant to Inventor." Not that Pupin tries to make it beautiful; there is no embellishment—no dramatization—no hint of effort about this tale. It is the story of a great and understanding heart, told with the simplicity befitting such a character as Olympiada Pupin's.

The typical mother of to-day strains and strains to serve her children to the best of her knowledge and ability. She sacrifices, labours and struggles to give them educational opportunities, little extravagant pleasures, the niceties of life. Yet many a mother is doomed to see her boys evolve brilliant and successful men from the material standpoint, but rather selfish, narrow, and empty spiritually, and often lacking in gratitude and appreciation of their mother's efforts in their behalf.

Olympiada Pupin was a poor Serbian peasant. Materially she had almost nothing to give her boy, and according to the accepted meaning of education, how could she help him in that field, when she could neither read nor write? And yet Piada was largely responsible for her son's emerging from the melting-pot of America to one of that nation's greatest scientists and inventors, a poet at heart, a word-artist, in language that was unknown to him until his young manhood, a warm, throbbing, all-embracing spirit, and one of his adopted country's most

ardent and understanding patriots. And withal, the greater Michael grew, the greater became his appreciation and overflowing love for his humble, little mother.

When Pupin was a small boy in his native village of Idvor, his mother planted his feet in the way they should walk—not by the use of scolding or the rod, but in this wise and gentle manner. From his infancy, the child had listened to the old men of the village telling tales of the heroism and courage of Serbian leaders. The town of Idvor, in many respects under Austrian dominion, had been settled by Serbian fighting men, to help protect Austria's frontier. Little Michael's mind was kindled with the ideals of bravery, endurance, patriotism. He could see no necessity for learning such things as reading, writing and arithmetic. He regarded them as "instruments of torture invented to interfere with his freedom." His teacher had no inspiration to offer, but his mother came to the rescue. As nearly as he could recall it, she would address him thus :

MOTHER'S ENCOURAGEMENT

"My boy, if you wish to go out into the world about which you hear so much, you must provide yourself with another pair of eyes, the eyes of reading and writing. There is so much wonderful knowledge and learning in the world which you cannot get unless you can read and write. Knowledge is the golden ladder over which we climb to heaven; knowledge is the light which illuminates our path through this life and leads to a future life of everlasting glory." Think of a woman with a spirit like that having no opportunity to learn to read or write!

Piada Pupin further influenced her son by telling him tales about the great Saint Sava, who had opened up the new way for the boys and girls of Serbia to have schools and learn to read and write. She influenced him to the point where he ceased to be one of the unruly boys himself, gave the school address on the next St. Sava's day (they had been in the habit of laughing at the goody-goody who would do that), roused the other boys of the school to enthusiasm, and made it suddenly popular to be a good student.

He soon outgrew this village school and teacher, and his mother then persuaded his father to send him to the high school of Panchevo, a larger town, fifteen miles distant.

When the boy came home on a visit, he exploded a bomb of scientific information that caused great consternation among the wise men of Idvor. He told them about the discovery of the American boy, Franklin, that "lightning was a passage of an electrical spark between clouds, and that thunder was due to the sudden expansion of the atmosphere heated by the passage of the electrical spark."

To the father, this was rank heresy. How many times had he

told Michael that "thunder was the rumbling of St. Elijah's car as he drove across the heavens." And did Michael think that this idle American boy knew more than the wisest men of Idvor?

MOTHER'S INFLUENCE

It was a momentous occasion in the Pupin household. The conflict between science and religion was being waged in real earnest. The mother came rationally to the rescue. From hearing the minister read the Scriptures, she knew a large portion of them by heart, and had taught much to her children. Her husband considered her an authority in that line, and now she pointed out to him that nowhere did the Bible actually make the statement about Elijah's chariot; that it was probably only a belief that had grown up, and that perhaps Franklin was wiser than the men of Idvor.

Owing to his religious training by his mother, Michael even as a young boy, had a calm and wonderful sense of harmony of God and His creations. When, during summer vacations, the youth herded sheep on the plains of Banat, and was on night duty so that he saw the "burning stars in the blackness of a summer midnight sky," Michael knew that David in his nineteenth Psalm expressed the deepest feelings of Michael's own heart:

"The heavens declare the glory of God; . . . There is no speech nor language, where their voice is not heard."

It was here that the future scientist was getting his first impressions of scientific principles. The boys had to keep a sharp lookout for the cattle-thieves of the plains. They estimated the grazing positions of the oxen by the positions of certain constellations like Orion and the Pleiades. They pressed their knife-blades deep into the ground and kept their ears close to the long wooden handles, listening to the sound of the animals' feet, and signalling to each other by striking against the handles. Young Michael was already making experiments regarding space and sound and light, but he was not lost in a wilderness of doubt. In his heart was a high and ennobling faith, and the more he gathered of scientific truths, the more he was learning about the methods which God used, "His wondrous to perform." Instead of fearing the night and the dark, Michael felt that the "light of the stars, the sound of grazing oxen, the faint stroke of the distant church bell, were messages that appealed to us like the loving words of a friendly power, without whose aid we were helpless." In the boy's early thought, "sound and light were associated with the divine method of speech and communication."

Back in Panchevo, Michael proved himself too ardent a Serbian for a good Austrian subject. His attitude led him into difficulties with the school authorities, and his parents were invited to come to Panchevo for a discussion. With fine statesmanship, his mother made the suggestion that he leave Panchevo, and go

to Prague. That was a golden opportunity for Michael, and the head of the school in Panchevo even offered to assist with the financing if necessary. Doubtless they recognized Michael's precocity, but he had become a political problem.

SOUGHT HIGHER EDUCATION

When he left for the famous schools of Prague, his mother had prepared for him "two multicoloured bags made of a beautifully coloured web of wood." One contained his linen, the other his provisions—a whole roast goose and a loaf of bread. The goose was soon stolen by some young theologians who saw how very unsophisticated Michael was. The boy left two weeping parents. His father had a premonition that he would never see his son again.

It happened that the father did die during that first year at Prague. The boy wished to return to help his mother with the farm, but she would not permit it. He resolved that at least she should have no further care of him, and feeling that his opportunities would be far greater in America, he embarked steerage and practically penniless. He wrote her a sweet letter about departing for the land of Lincoln and Franklin, where the wisdom of people was beyond anything even St. Sava had ever known.

It was not so many years until Pupin had worked his way through Columbia College, and was on his way to do post-graduate work in Europe. He hastened to Idvor and jumped from the wagon to find his mother weeping. The author comments:

"How wonderful is the power of tears, and how clear is our spiritual vision when a shower of tears has purified the turbulent atmosphere of our emotions! Mother's love and love for mother are the sweetest messages of God to the living earth." He says his mother looked older and much more beautiful. "There was a saintly light in her eyes which disclosed to me the serene firmament of the spiritual world in which she lived. . . . I gazed and worshipped, and felt most humble."

He wished to seem the same boy he had been to his mother, so he followed all the old customs of Idvor such as kissing the hand of the old people. He almost fell prey to the charms of Idvor—particularly of a pretty peasant girl there—permanently. But his mother fired his ambitions again and sent him off to Cambridge. But that was a beautiful summer he spent there with his aging mother, and it left a lasting impression on his life. She never grew weary of hearing him talk about his scientific knowledge. To her truth-loving but most pious mind, all the wonderful things he explained were a natural way for God to work His miracles.

Not so long after one later visit, came the announcement of the death of his sainted parent. "Nothing but the love of God and the friendship of man can give that spiritual power that one needs

in moments of great sorrow. . . . I vowed that her blessed memory should be perpetuated as far as an humble mortal like myself could do it." Twenty-seven years later, the Serbian Academy announced that the income of a foundation in memory of Olympiada Pupin should be used annually to assist a goodly number of poor school boys in old Serbia and Macedonia.—*Young Woman's Journal*, Vol. 38, pages 292-94.

LATTER-DAY SAINT MOTHERS

"IN MY contacts with the various classes of people whom I meet, I often grow skeptical on religious affairs, and my confidence and belief in the things taught me in my youth are disturbed a bit."

"And then what do you do?" he was asked.

"Then—why then, I go home to Mother and get converted over again."

This was spoken not by a youth in his teens, but by a matured man, half lightly, but truthfully.

"I go home to Mother to get converted over again"—how many men and women, boys and girls, could say the same? And is not that "converting" largely what Latter-day Saint mothers have been doing from the beginning? They have been the strength and power in the background all along the way. Just as it was they who led the first prayer, taught the first Gospel lesson, gave the earliest training in right living; so it is they who have kept the spiritual light burning all through the years, so that to-day their sons and daughters, although perchance far from the parental hearthstone, acknowledge gratefully this guiding influence in their lives.

The yearning of Hannah of old is typical of the secret yearning of all Latter-day Saint mothers.

Hannah had no children. . . . And she was in bitterness of soul, and prayed unto the Lord, and wept sore. And she vowed a vow, and said, O Lord of hosts, if thou wilt look on the affliction of thine handmaid, and remember me, and not forget thine handmaid, but wilt give unto thine handmaid a man child, then I will give him unto the Lord all the days of his life.

That is in reality the pledge of every true Latter-day Saint mother. For this she bears her children; for this she guards and guides them, centres every expectation and ambition, that she may give them to the Lord to work in His service for the carrying forward of His mighty purposes. The great hope of every Latter-day Saint mother is to produce Latter-day Saint children. Knowing with absolute certainty as she does, that the "marvelous work and wonder" has been established in the earth, realizing that in the building up of the Church and kingdom of God, the

assistance of her sons and daughters is needed, and realizing deep down in her heart that this service in the Church means life and salvation to her loved ones, what wonder is it that constantly she teaches them the truth and converts them over and over again.

Latter-day Saint mothers have indeed been the bulwarks of the Church. No estimate can ever be made of their contribution to its growth. Their children and their children's children will rise up and call them blessed.

If any are wavering in doubt, or hesitating in service—go home to the Latter-day Saint mother and be “converted” again.—*Young Woman's Journal*, Vol. 39, page 310.

MOTHERHOOD

BY SAMUEL B. MITTON

EVER since the dawn of time, the influence of woman has been the refining element of the human race—and, while she has made her sweet nature felt in nearly all the walks of life, especially in the social and domestic, the tenderness and sweetness of her being have always shown to the best advantage as a mother.

Her inherent beauty and queenly attainments, her native grace and gentle dignity have in all ages swayed the hearts of men. True, her wonderful power has not always been exerted for a good and righteous purpose, for it is sadly true that his satanic majesty has taken advantage of so potent an agency to accomplish his nefarious designs, and in women is exemplified the truth that those who are capable of the greatest purity and refinement, the most exalted ideals, may descend to the lowest depths of degradation; but we are comforted in the thought that the evil tendencies of woman have always been the exception and not the rule, and goodness and not evil has been stamped upon her saintly brow.

Mother! Upon her faithful breast, the infant heads of kings and queens have lain; upon her tireless knee both great and small, in childhood, have sat and felt her kind caress. Her tired hand strokes soft young tresses and her loving lips press baby cheeks. With the finger of love she writes upon the tender tablets of the childish mind golden truths which will one day make noble and pure men and sweet chaste women.

As the child grows and develops, and as its environments enlarge and change, who can have the solicitude for him that mother can? Indeed, when does that solicitude cease? Does a son or daughter ever become so old or occupy such a lowly or exalted station in life, that her anxiety ceases? Never. Reigning as a queen in her family, shaping the characters of future men and women, privileged to leave her saintly impress upon

their souls; it is impossible for women to enjoy higher honour than Motherhood!

In filling the station of Mother she obeys the first great commandment given her in conjunction with her protector and companion. To ignore or disobey this great mandate, is to live an unnatural life which cannot fail to incur the displeasure of our Father in heaven.

Every girl should set her aim to become an honoured wife and mother; nothing short of this should satisfy her; a condition to the opposite makes only for an empty life, into which true happiness cannot come.—*Young Woman's Journal*, Vol. 37, page 351.

O MY MOTHER

Tune: "O My Father."

O MY MOTHER, thou that dwellest,
 In thy mansions up on high,
 Oft I think that I remember
 How you bade your child goodbye.
 How you pressed me to your bosom,
 Bade me a true son to be,
 Ere I left my home eternal,
 To accept mortality.

How you gave me words of counsel,
 Guides to help my straying feet;
 How you taught by true example
 All of Father's laws to keep.
 While I strive in this probation,
 Well to live the Gospel truth,
 May I merit your approval
 As I did in early youth.

'Tis recorded in your journal
 How you stood by Father's side,
 When by power real, eternal,
 Thou wast sealed a goddess bride.
 When through love and truth and virtue,
 Ere in time thou didst become,
 In your high exalted station,
 Mother of the souls of men,

When of evil I've repented,
 And my work on earth is done,
 Dearest Mother, loving Father,
 Pray forgive your erring son.
 When my pilgrimage is ended,
 And the victor's wreath I've won,
 Dearest Mother, to your bosom,
 Will you welcome back your son?

ELDER LESTER H. JONES.

THURSDAY, MAY 8, 1930

EDITORIAL

JUST MOTHERING

DO YOU KNOW there are many people in this world who need just mothering more than they need any other possible thing? Just mothering—for the lonely, struggling girl who has come from far across the sea, who may earn enough with her hands to feed body and brain, but whose hungry eyes look out with piteous inquiry into our homes and into our own eyes. And why? We are so busy, so selfishly absorbed in ourselves and in mothering those nearest and dearest, that we cannot possibly take time or thought to mother the girl who sews for us, who washes and cleans for us, or who teaches the school as a stranger in our town.

And the boy? Missionary perhaps, student perhaps, convert from another state or country? Alone, without friends or kindred—just a boy in our neighbourhood—but O, so starved for a little mothering, not the—"it-is-my-duty" kind, but he is hungry for just old-fashioned mothering.

And that husband of ours? He may be thirty or sixty—but he longs always for the sweet, gently considerate mothering that he got from his own sainted mother. Ten chances to one, he has long been shoved aside by the children; and he, too, looks hungrily on, while his wife cuddles and pets and waits on every child in the house from six months to sixteen years old. If he gets his buttons sewed on, his necktie adjusted, or his new suit appraised and approved, it is under protest from the children, and the task is performed with dull indifference or sharp, hurry by the mother of his boys. It is not the pies and biscuits which his mother made, or still makes, which draw his longing thoughts and willing feet to her memory or to her actual door. It is the sub-conscious longing of the boy who never grows up for the petting and mothering that went with the pie. He does the fathering well enough; he has to, or there would be no house to live in, no food to cook or eat; but his wife just naturally ceased to mother him after the first baby came. Have you ever noticed how happy a childless couple are? And some old people whose children have left the home of the father and mother, with plenty of time to get back to the old sweetheart footing. Lovers dote on petting—not alone because the perpetuation of the race depends upon the fulfilment of the mating instinct, but principally because each needs the other, each encourages, sympathizes

with the other, and focuses all thought upon the virtues and superior gifts of the other. "Make a fuss over me," ran the popular song of a number of years ago—and therein was voiced a truth as old as eternity.

O, you dear blessed Relief Society sisters, that is the real contribution you have made to the Church and to the world; it is not the pound of sugar, the bar of soap, or the money you have taken to the homes of the needy, the sick or the disheartened; it is the mothering of the little widow, the petting of the orphaned children, the neighbourly interest you have shown in the new convert, and the loving solicitude you have manifested to the lonely, aged one whose pillow was wet with tears of gratitude after your gentle feet had turned from the door. No one can measure, not even the angels, the far-flung values of mothering—just homely, old-fashioned mothering—on the human race. Our heavenly Mother knows—she knows—and she knows that our heavenly Father knows.—SUSA Y. GATES, *Relief Society Magazine*, Vol. 9, pages 289-90.

A MOTHER'S LOVE

SELECTED AND SUBMITTED BY M. L. WHITE

ONE calm, bright, sunshiny day, an angel stole out of heaven and came down to this earth and roamed the field and forest, city and hamlet. And just as the sun went down, he meditated and said, "My visit is o'er; I must go back to the world of light. But before I go, I will gather some mementos of my visit here." And he looked over into the beautiful flower garden and said, "How lovely and fragrant these flowers are." And he plucked the rarest rose and said, "I see nothing more beautiful or fragrant than these. I will take them with me." But he looked a little farther, and saw a beautiful rosy-cheeked babe, smile into its mother's face. "O! That baby's smile is prettier than the flowers; I will take that too." Then he looked just beyond the cradle, and there was a mother's love pouring out like the sunlight from heaven toward the cradle and the babe. He said, "O! That mother's love is the prettiest thing I have seen on earth; I will carry that, too, as my treasure." He went his way to heaven and said, "Before I go in, I will examine my mementos." And he looked at the flowers, and they had withered; he looked at the baby's smile; it had faded away. But the mother's love was there in all its fragrance and beauty. He threw aside the flowers and the faded smile, and led the hosts of heaven saying, "Here is the only thing I found on earth that would keep its fragrance into heaven: *A Mother's Love*."—*Relief Society Magazine*, Vol. 10, page 215.

MOTHER AS A TEACHER OF RELIGION

BY JOHN QUAYLE

AN ABUNDANCE of faith in Deity is the blessed portion of womankind. Woman's intuition, which so often points the way in moral and material matters, also gives the assurance that a kind Father rules in the heavens. Do you know a man who has not felt this sweet assurance to his betterment?

In motherhood, a woman's nurturing hand seems to impart her potent faith in a new and more assertive manner. "Come here, dear, that will soon be all right," she says to her child as the little one comes sobbing to her after some painful mishap. And in her soothing words and caress, there is the ever-present assurance that this is God's world, that He is good, life is sweet, and along life's pathway are many joyful lessons. In a thousand ways she plants the seed of faith in her own. The spirituality gained through mother is beyond price.

No man, however great, has risen to heights of spiritual attainment that have surpassed the teachings of a good mother. Men may forget them, and degrade themselves; but the teachings of mother are sublime. How often the tribute is paid to mother when men of prominence are heard to say, "I have an abiding faith in God—a faith that has endured since it was planted within me at the knee of my mother."

To the "Mormon" people, there is an added significance to the faith which our mothers impart; for it is by this faith that we shall light the shadows which fall from the mountain of Babylon in our midst. It is this faith which can remove that mountain; for we can impart living faith to the world.—*Relief Society Magazine*, Vol. 10, page 490.

MOTHERS SHOULD USE THE RELIEF SOCIETY

FLORENCE ALLSOP

IN THINKING of what the Relief Society may do for one, perhaps the first thought would be to some people: What financial help have I received from it? But after twenty years of intimate association with the Relief Society in Great Britain, I could point out many things it has done for me.

The first and foremost is that it has taught me the real meaning of the Saviour's words, "Ye have the poor always with you." To understand these words, we must not conclude that He referred only to the poor in worldly goods. O no! For some may have a world of wealth, and yet be poor in the Spirit of the Lord—be uncharitable, unforgiving, and always be unhappy because of their selfishness.

It is wonderful how we can help others along life's road, by doing little kindnesses, perhaps nothing in themselves, but

collectively, much good is done, and in the doing of these little deeds of kindness, our character is built up and developed, so that good deeds are naturally done.

Therefore, I can say that the Relief Society has helped me to develop (I hope) along the right lines, by giving me a clearer understanding of the Gospel, a better understanding of humanity, and to be an example for others to copy, in being a worthy citizen wherever I may choose to reside.

Our Word of Wisdom lessons have taught me how to take care of the body God has seen fit to bless me with: To keep it clean; to keep my home and all connected with it clean, so that my family can get the best of health and strength and happiness out of life.

Our Book of Mormon lessons have taught me that God had other sheep, and our Heavenly Father proved His statement in the Bible, when He has allowed the sacred record to come forth out of the ground as "a new witness for God."

In conclusion, the Relief Society has taught me to understand the reality, the heartfelt sincerity in our Saviour's words, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Let all who read these few lines pause, and then severely criticise themselves, and ask themselves this question:

Have I done any good in the world to-day?
 Have I helped anyone in need?
 Have I cheered up the sad, and made someone feel glad,
 If not, I have failed indeed.

Perhaps we feel at times that we are failures because we do not always see the result of our actions, but the *true happiness* of good deeds comes to us from within, and if we do our part—our best, and endure to the end, the recording angels will enter our names in the great book so that our reward is sure.

WELSH DISTRICT CONFERENCE

Two of the greatest events of history, the resurrection of the Saviour and the restoration of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, were appropriately commemorated at the Welsh District Conference held Saturday, Sunday and Monday, April 19th-21st.

The Sunday sessions were held in the Memorial Hall, Varteg, Wales. Musical selections were effectively rendered and addresses delivered by local members and missionaries, carrying the centennial celebration spirit. The speakers forcibly depicted the accomplishments of the Church. The pageant, "The Kingdom Glorious," was well produced at the afternoon session. At the evening meeting, President A. William Lund of the British Mission, delivered an inspiring discourse on the resurrection. News-

paper reporters were present, and several lengthy comments, mostly favourable, later appeared in the local periodicals.

Members and friends thoroughly enjoyed the District social which was held Saturday night in a Church of England hall at Pontypool. Immediately after the social, a lantern-slide lecture was given, portraying scenes connected with the rise and history of the Church.

The traveling Elders were heartily encouraged and spiritually strengthened at the missionary meeting held on Monday. President and Sister Lund gave considerable instruction concerning plans for the present year. Several impressive tributes were given at the memorial banquet held in the evening.

The Conference was attended by those in the picture. Elder J. Clyde Sumsion was sustained to succeed District President Harold K. Richmond.

J. CLYDE SUMSION, District President.



MISSIONARIES AT WELSH CONFERENCE

FRONT ROW, left to right: Elder William Bailey, Welsh District; President David H. Huish, Bristol District; Elders Owen L. Andreasen, and Clyde B. Crow, Welsh District; second row: Elder Virgil E. White, Welsh District; Elder Wesley D. Amott, British Mission Office; Sister Josephine B. Lund, President British Mission Relief Societies; British Mission President A. William Lund; District President Harold K. Richmond; President J. Clyde Sumsion (incoming District President); third row: Elders Thomas Biggs, William L. Stephens, and Evan Arthur, Welsh District; Elder R. Eldon Crowther, Bristol District; Elders Richard M. Gledhill, George E. Clark, Lester H. Jones, and Albert W. Horman, Welsh District.

FROM THE MISSION FIELD

Appointment and Release: On Sunday, April 20th, Elder J. Clyde Sumsion was appointed President of the Welsh District, succeeding President Harold K. Richmond.

Transfers: The following missionaries have been transferred from and to the Districts specified: Elder B. Glenn Marble, Nottingham to Birmingham, and Elder Milton D. Cushing, Bristol to Nottingham, transferred on April 16th; Elder William D. Callister, Sheffield to European Mission Office, January 1st.

Releases and Departures: The following missionaries have been honourably released and have returned to their homes in America: Weston N. Nordgren—Liverpool District and European Mission Office—released on February 20th, sailed from Cherbourg on March 18th, aboard the *George Washington*; Ralph A. Garner—Sheffield District and European Mission Office—released on January 16th, and Weston W. Taylor—Welsh District and European Mission Office—released on February 17th, sailed from Cherbourg on April 25th, aboard the *America*; Paul C. Layton—Norwich and Hull Districts, and Howard J. Williams—Liverpool and Leeds Districts—released on March 30th, sailed from Cherbourg aboard the *America*, on April 25th; Elmont H. Crawford—Bristol and Manchester Districts, and Kendall H. Curtis—Leeds and Nottingham Districts—released on April 20th, sailed from Southampton on April 25th, aboard the *America*.

Doings in the Districts: *Birmingham*—The Relief Societies of the Birmingham District held a bazaar in the Handsworth Branch Chapel on Saturday, April 12th. Articles made by the various District societies and refreshments were sold in the afternoon. An interesting program was given in the evening in conjunction with the regular monthly District union meeting.

On Sunday, April 20th, a special meeting was held in Worcester, where there are no members of the Church. A large audience gathered, and eagerly listened to the truths of the Gospel. This meeting was the culmination of several days campaigning, a large street meeting having been held on the Saturday night before. All the traveling Elders of the District attended.

Bristol—A baptismal service was held at Baunton, near Cirencester, Tuesday, April 8th, at which five persons were baptized by Elders Hector P. Sadler and Clyde M. Hopkins. They were confirmed at the home of Sister Alice Mullis by President David H. Huish, and Elders Hector P. Sadler, Clyde M. Hopkins, James R. Clark and Milton D. Cushing.

A baptismal service was held on Saturday, April 12th, on the banks of the river Avon, near Eastville, and two persons were baptized in the river by Elder Russell E. Peterson. They were confirmed members of the Church the next day in the Sacrament meeting of the Bristol Branch by Elders Clyde M. Hopkins and Lester H. Belliston.

Manchester—Twelve persons were baptized at a baptismal service held in the Manchester Branch Chapel on Sunday, April 6th, by President

Paul A. Peterson, and Elders Elmont H. Crawford, George E. Clark, Blain I. Jones and Alma C. Palmer. They were confirmed by President Paul A. Peterson, and Elders Eldon C. Ririe, Willard M. Yates, George E. Clark, T. Byron Jones, Ralph C. Fletcher, Andrew R. Cluff, Elmont H. Crawford, Howard L. Armstrong, and local Elders B. W. T. Norman and George E. Dale.

Newcastle—The officers and teachers of the southern branches of the District met in a union meeting held at Middlesbrough on Sunday, April 13th, to discuss auxiliary work and teacher training advancement.

Scottish—At a baptismal service held at the Gorbals Baths, Glasgow, on April 12th, two persons were baptized by President William M. Faulds. They were confirmed the same day by Elders David A. Buchanan and O. Sherwin Webb.

Sheffield—A District ramble was held on Easter Monday, April 21st, at Locke Park, Barnsley. A large group of members thoroughly enjoyed the contests and games which were conducted. A luncheon was served at night in the Barnsley Branch rooms.

Branch Conferences: Of the Sparkbrook Branch, Birmingham District, held on Sunday, March 30th. The theme of the conference was "Service." The morning session was devoted to a program given by the Sunday School children. President Virgil J. Smith and Elder C. Lewis Kinsey attended.

Of the Dudley Port Branch, Birmingham District, held on April 13th. Thanksgiving was expressed for the blessings realized through a century of divine guidance. The conference was attended by President Virgil J. Smith, and Elders C. Lewis Kinsey, J. Clyde Sumsion and Gordon B. Taylor.

Of the Kidderminster Branch, Birmingham District, held on Sunday, April 27th. "The Sermon on the Mount" was the theme of the day. Considerable newspaper publicity added to the success of the conference. President Virgil J. Smith, and Elders Cyrus W. Greaves, Karl C. Durham and Wayne B. Lake attended.

The Lancaster Saints (not yet organized into a branch), Liverpool District, held their conference on April 13th. All present eagerly portrayed, in music and speech, the value and power of faith. Elder H. Wendell Jacob was present.

Of the Wigan Branch, Liverpool District, held on Easter Sunday, April 20th. "The Resurrection of Christ" was the theme of the conference. At the afternoon session, a pageant, "The Gospel Story," was presented. The following missionaries were in attendance: President Eugene Romney, Jr., and Elders H. Wendell Jacob, William Chaston and Noel T. Stoddard.

Of the Bolton Branch, Manchester District, held on April 27th. The pageant, "April 6th, 1830," was effectively presented at the first session. Those attending the conference included President Paul A. Peterson, and Elders Andrew R. Cluff, T. Byron Jones and Richard M. Cowan.

Of the Middlesbrough Branch, Newcastle District, held on Sunday, April 13th. The theme of the conference was based on the fruits of the Gospel, and was well enacted by the Sunday School children. President

Lowell R. Rich, and Elders Lorin B. Daniels, George H. Gray and Wayne H. Neilson spoke at the evening session.

Of the Mansfield Branch, Nottingham District, held on Sunday, March 16th. A special program depicting the restoration of the Priesthood was effectively presented before a large audience. President Harold B. Rowell, and Elders Roland G. Manning, Douglas Donaldson and Marion S. Johnston were the missionaries present.

Of the Leicester Branch, Nottingham District, held on March 23rd. "Pioneering" was the theme of the conference, and was well carried out by the local members. President Harold B. Rowell, and Elders Marion S. Johnston, Kendall H. Curtis and Merrill P. Gunnell attended.

Of the Eastwood Branch, Nottingham District, held on Sunday, March 30th. The restoration of the Gospel was well portrayed in a pageant, and addresses were given by members of the Branch. The following traveling Elders were present: President Harold B. Rowell, and Elders Marion S. Johnston, E. Glenn Taylor and Rex A. Meeks.

Of the Barnsley Branch, Sheffield District, held on April 20th. A special centennial program was presented by the Sunday School children. Addresses were delivered by President William A. Dawson, and Elders Allan M. Acomb, E. Ronald Jones and Joseph W. Marriott on "Easter Gladness."

Of the Sheffield Branch, Sheffield District, held on Sunday, April 27th. The theme treated was "Revelation, the Foundation of Truth." Local members and missionaries addressed a large audience on the blessings of a century of divine inspiration. The following traveling Elders attended: President William A. Dawson, and Elders Allan M. Acomb and Glen T. Dixon.

DEATHS

BETRIDGE—Brother Samuel Bettridge, a member of the Hucknall Branch, Nottingham District, passed away on April 17th, at the age of sixty-seven years, after a lengthy illness. Local Elder Samuel Pears, President of the Hucknall Branch, conducted the services, and President Harold B. Rowell dedicated the grave.

COOPER—Sister Elizabeth Cooper, seventy-six years of age, a member of the Glasgow Branch, Scottish District, passed away on April 21st. President William M. Faulds conducted the funeral services at the home of the deceased on April 24th. Elder J. Ferrin Gurney dedicated the grave.

HALLS—Brother Nathaniel Halls, a member of the Birkenhead Branch, Liverpool District, aged sixty-one years, passed away on March 15th. A brief service was held at the home on March 21st, under the direction of President Eugene Romney, Jr. Elder Lester H. Belliston dedicated the grave.

HOLT—Sister Edith Holt, aged thirty-one years, a member of the Hyde Branch, Manchester District, died on March 29th. Interment was in Hyde Cemetery, and President Paul A. Peterson dedicated the grave.

WE THANK THEE, O GOD, FOR OUR MOTHERS

(MOTHER'S DAY SONG)

Tune: "We Thank Thee, O God, For a Prophet."

WE thank Thee, O God, for our Mothers,
 Our voices in praise we combine ;
 We know among mortals no others
 Whose love is more near the divine.
 They've taught us, our Lord, to adore Thee,
 And love Thee, from earliest youth ;
 We feel to uphold them before Thee
 In song and in spirit and truth.

To-day is a day above others,
 It's Mother's Day all through the land ;
 Our Sunday School honours its Mothers ;
 They all have a place on the stand.
 We read in their sweet, smiling faces,
 Though care-lined and pain-worn they be,
 Those wonderful heavenly graces
 That only in Mothers we see.

We thank Thee, O God, for our Mothers !
 We praise Thee again and again,
 For fathers, for sisters, for brothers,
 But mostly for Mothers of men.
 We honour, and love and caress them,
 Surround them with songs and with cheers,
 And pray that Thou ever will bless them,
 On earth and in heavenly spheres.

FRANK I. KOOYMAN.

BRITISH MISSION ADDRESS: A. WILLIAM LUND, PRESIDENT, 23 BOOTH
 STREET, HANDSWORTH, BIRMINGHAM

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